



The Little Humpbacked Girl.

Come over here, said Olivia, and I will tell you an Easter tale. There was once a woman who had an only daughter that was very small and pale and altogether somewhat different from other children. When she took the little one out for a walk the people stood and looked at the child and whispered among themselves. When the little girl asked her mother why the people looked at her so strangely the mother always replied, "It is because you have on such a beautiful new dress." Thereupon the little one was contented. As soon, however, as they returned home the mother would clasp her little daughter in her arms, kiss her again and again and say: "You sweet little angel, what would



become of you if I were to die? No one, not even your father, knows what a dear little angel you are!"

Some time afterward the mother became suddenly sick and she died on the ninth day. Thereupon the father of the little girl threw himself in despair on the deathbed and asked to be buried with his wife. His friends, however, spoke to him and comforted him, and so he left his wife's body, and a year later he took unto himself another wife, who was lovelier, younger and richer than his first wife, but by no means as good.

And from the day that her mother died the little girl spent her whole time from morning till evening seated at the window sill in the sitting room, since there was no one who would take her out for a walk. She had become ever paler than before and she had not grown at all during the latter years.

When her new mother came to the house she said to herself: "Now I will go out walking again in the city and on the beautiful promenades where the sun shines so brightly, where there are so many lovely shrubs and flowers and where there is such a crowd of handsomely dressed people." For she lived in a narrow little alley, in which the sun seldom shone, and when she sat on the window sill she saw only a little bit of the blue sky—a bit not larger than a pocket handkerchief. Her new mother went out nearly every day in the forenoon and afternoon, and each time she wore a very beautiful dress, much more beautiful than any dress the first mother had ever owned. But she never took the little girl with her.

Finally the child took heart, and one day she earnestly begged her new mother to take her out with her. The mother, however, refused bluntly, saying, "You are not smart enough. What would the people think if they were to see me with you? You are a little humpback. Humpbacked children never go walking, but always stay at home."

Thereupon the little girl became very quiet, and as soon as her new mother had left the house she got on

to a chair and looked in a mirror and saw that indeed she was humpbacked, badly humpbacked. Then she sat again on the window sill and looked out into the street and thought of her good old mother, who, in spite of her humpback, had taken her out walking every day. Then she thought again of her hump.

"What is inside of it, I wonder!" she said to herself. "There must be something inside of such a hump as this is."

Many a strange fancy entered her little head and many an hour she wiled away in wondering why her back, instead of being straight like the backs of other children, was distorted out of all shape by such an ugly hump. The stories of fairies which her dear mother had told her came back to her memory, and in child's fashion she sometimes prayed that some good fairy would come and take away the burden that threatened to blight her whole life.

Oh, if she were only like other children. Was there one of them who loved the sunshine and the flowers better than she, and yet among them all was there one who saw so little of the sunshine and the flowers as she did? From her seat by the window she saw the little ones playing in the narrow street, and as their frequent peals of merry laughter came to her ear, her question, "Why am I not like other children?" became ever more urgent.

So the summer passed, and when winter came the little girl was still pale and she had become so weak that she could no longer sit on her window sill, but was obliged to remain lying in bed, and just when the snowdrops were beginning to peep above ground, the good old mother came to her one night and told her how glorious and beautiful it was in heaven.

The following morning the child was dead.

"Don't weep, father," said the new mother, "it is best for the poor child." And the girl's father answered no word, but simply nodded his head.

The little girl was buried, but on Eastern morn an angel with large white wings like a swan flew down from heaven, seated himself beside the grave, and knocked thereon, as though it were a door. And soon the little girl came forth from the grave and the angel told her that he had come to take her to her mother in heaven. Then the girl asked in a trembling voice whether even humpbacked children could enter heaven. She could not conceive such a thing possible.

Yet the angel answered: "You dear, good child, you are no longer humpbacked," and with those words he passed his white hand over her back and the ugly old hump fell off like a



great hollow shell, and this left her a transformed being. And what was in it? Two beautiful white angel wings! The child spread

them out, as though she had always known how to fly, and she flew with the angel through the dazzling sunlight up into the blue sky. On the loftiest seat in heaven sat her good old mother awaiting her with outstretched arms, and the child flew straight into her lap.—New York Herald.

Easter Decorations.

Easter's table service should be made as characteristic of the season as possible. To do this the colors of the decorations should be thoroughly in accord with Easter traditions—that is, they should be white, with a few touches of green or yellow for the sake of contrast. Yellow jonquills and white lilies are the flowers of Easter and they may be used for decorative purposes either in pots or with the cut flowers arranged in bowls or vases.

The most spotless linen should cover the table, the table centre and the doilies being white embroidered in green. The simplest table decoration of flowers consists of a small glass bowl filled with lilies of the valley. A more elaborate one consists of a large bowl filled with smilax so that tendrils of the plant fall over the side of the bowl and trail over the tablecloth and great white Easter lilies alternating with the smilax in the bowl.

A still more elaborate decoration is in the shape of a large floral egg tied with narrow satin ribbons and so arranged that when the dinner is done it can be divided into bouquets and bouquets de corsage, for the dinners. Violets, snowdrops, white carnations or roses will serve as the material for the making of the egg and a bank of smilax or moss as its cushion. Such a decoration requires the skill of the florist to make it look well and is therefore too expensive for the average family.

The yellow flowers characteristic of spring used with the white table linen and green foliage make quite as pretty and characteristic a decoration as the lilies.

Keeping Easter in Cuba.

Those of us who know Easter only in our cold and prosaic North can have little conception of the significance and solemnity of passion week in countries where a hotter sun has infused intenser warmth into the blood. Thomas H. Graham gives an interesting description of Easter as observed in Santiago and other Cuban cities.

"During the entire week," he says, "all social gaiety is suspended; even business assumes a quieter aspect, but the distinctive celebrations do not begin until Holy Thursday. On that day high mass is broken off in the middle, and a procession of priests carries an image of the Christ—the 'Ecce Homo'—to the cathedral. In towns where there is no cathedral some church is selected, and there the image, life size and robed in white, is carried in solemn state, the entire populace joining the procession. This ceremony commemorates the journey to Pilate's judgment hall. The image is left in the church and the people disperse in silence. Then the devout begin the ceremony of the pilgrimage. That is, they visit fourteen churches, indicative of the fourteen stations of the cross, saying prayers at every station.

"Good Friday is something to be remembered. The sun rises on a city plunged in absolute stillness—stillness of the grave. The very air is funeral. In the afternoon the procession of the Holy Virgin takes place. This is really the most striking of all the ceremonials. The sacred image, robed in black, is carried by priests and is followed by the eighteen canons of the church in singular costume, all black. On their heads they wear canonical black caps fully two and a half feet in height, and their robes have trains sixteen or eighteen feet long. Every canon is followed by an acolyte, who carries his train. Then comes the populace, men and women, still in black, all carrying lighted

EASTER MONDAY EGG-ROLLING.

Thousands of Children Spend a Joyous Day in the White House Grounds.

Clifford Howard, in writing of the annual Easter Monday egg-rolling in the White House grounds at Washington, gives a fine glimpse of the spot in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The chief points of attraction," he says, "are the mounds of hillocks that rise in gentle slope from the lawn in various parts of the grounds. Their sides are richly carpeted with soft, thick grass, and here it is that the little children roll their eggs. They clamber up the hillside with their baskets, the little tots crawling up on hands and knees, and then turn and roll their eggs one by one down the grass slope. But the children do not confine themselves to rolling eggs. Many of them take more pleasure in sitting about in groups and picking their eggs with one another. This is done by striking two eggs together on their points. The



one whose egg is broken in this encounter is the loser and gives up his egg to the other. This game is particularly enjoyed by the colored children, for it gives them a good opportunity and a good excuse to eat eggs, and there is nothing they like better. Preparatory to an encounter each little fellow tests the hardness of his egg by knocking it against his teeth. If he can stand this test it is considered a good one for picking, and the owner sallies forth with a broad grin, confident of success. The boy who owns a goose egg or a turkey egg is a prince among his fellows. Occasionally such a boy appears. In all probability his shoes are torn, his clothes are patched and his woolly head is adorned with an antiquated moth-eat-



en fur cap. But he could be no prouder nor command greater respect if he were adorned with regal robes. He is immediately surrounded and followed wherever he goes by a band of admirers, who adopt him as their champion and defy anybody to pick an egg with him.

The Easter Kiss.

One of the prettiest of the old Easter customs was the giving of the Easter kiss and mutual greetings, but the chief solemnity of the day was when, as it is now, the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The most characteristic Easter rite which has not completely died out at the present day, although without religious meaning, is the use of Easter eggs, stained with various colors. In former days people made presents of these eggs, sometimes eating them, but generally keeping them as amulets. From a Christian point of view the eggs were doubtless considered emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life.

Aden, on the Suez canal, does a large business in the export of salt, secured by evaporating sea water.



The Word "Easter."

The word Easter is derived from the German "Ostern" and from the Greek "Pascha" (passover). Its Teutonic name probably comes from the festival of the goddess Ostara—in Anglo-Saxon "Eastre"—which in the olden days was celebrated at about the same time as the Christian Easter. The season of Easter celebration in the ancient church was eight days, but after the eleventh century the duration dwindled to three and finally two days. Easter-tide in the old days was also the favorite time for baptisms and the distribution of alms. The courts of justice were closed and all slaves were often given their freedom. Lent being at an end the people gave themselves up to thorough enjoyment.

You'll Have No Show.

When you catch a man busy tooting his horn, there is no use asking him to pass judgment on your own achievements.—Baltimore News.

EASTER MORNING.

The crocus with blossoms of yellow
The green of the grass-plot is gliding,
And the robins in orchard and garden
Their little brown houses are building,
The baby is lighting its torches,
The daffodil bursts from its prison,
For this is the morning of Easter,
And the Lord has arisen.

In the church with its music of joy,
The choir are sweet on the altar,
The organ is leading its music
To the words of the psalm-book and psalter,
The robes of the saints on the wall
In a glory of color are blended,
Ruby, and sapphire, and topaz,
For the Lord has ascended.

O heart that is burdened with sorrow,
And soul that is weary with striving,
There's a rest in the butterfly's tulle,
And the beds of the rose and the lily
— sleeping,
Look up to the country celestial,
The grave is no more than a portal,
For the Lord on the morning of Easter
Has made us immortal!
—Mona Irving.

candles. The scene is curiously medieval and impressive.

"Through the entire day no bells have been rung. Then comes the 'Saturday of glory,' with its wonderful and dramatic change. At 10 o'clock in the morning all the church bells ring out joyfully, and the 'vigil' is ended. Everywhere rejoicing takes the place of mourning. Easter Sunday is a day of music and gladness."

Origin of Easter Rabbits.

One of the quaint and interesting features of our modern Easter carnival is the appearance in shop windows, side by side with the emblematic colored egg, of a pert tall-eared rabbit, and those who cannot understand why bunny should have a place in our Easter decorations shrug their shoulders and think it a trick to please the children. But the legend of the Easter rabbit is one of the oldest in mythology, and is mentioned in the early folklore of South Germany. Originally, it appears, the rabbit was a bird, which the ancient Teutonic goddess Ostara—goddess of the east or of spring—transformed into a quadruped. For this reason the rabbit or hare is grateful, and in remembrance of its former condition as a bird and as a swift messenger of spring, and of the goddess whom it served, is able to lay colored Easter eggs on her festival in the spring time, the colors illustrating the theory that when it was a bird the rabbit laid colored eggs, and an egg has always been a symbol of the resurrection, and, therefore, used as an illustration at Easter.

Getting Ready for Easter.

Silas Clone—"Wa-al, by gosh! Bill Smith's yellow hen laid a hand-painted egg."
Silas Lence—"By gosh! you don't say so."
Silas Clone—"Yes, sir; by gosh!"
Silas Lence—"Wa-al, by gosh!"—Judge.

FORTUNES AS TOLD IN EGGS!

THE one who gets a golden egg
Will plenty have and never lose.
The one who gets an egg of blue
Will find a sweetheart fond and true.
The one who gets an egg of green
Will jealous be and not serene.
The one who gets an egg of black
Bad luck and troubles on'er will lack.
The one who gets an egg of white
In life shall find supreme delight.
The one who gets an egg of red
Will many tears of sorrow shed.
The one who gets an egg of purple shade
Will die a bachelor or old maid.
A silver egg will bring much joy
And happiness without alloy.
A lucky one, the egg of gold,
The owner ne'er sees danger's bold.
The one who gets an egg of iron
Will have establishments in town.
The one who speaks egg shabine
Will go through life by country lanes.
A striped egg bodes care and strife,
A solid one of goodling wife.



Easter Dates.

Easter never falls before the 22d of March nor after the 25th of April. In 1761 and again in 1818 Easter fell on the former date, but neither in this nor the next century will such be the case again. In 1886 Easter came on the 25th of April, but not until 1943 will it again fall so late. The proper date for the celebration of Easter has occasioned no little controversy. It being the most ancient and important of all the movable feasts Easter determines the date of all the rest. It was earnestly debated at the time of the adoption of the Gregorian calendar whether Easter should continue to be a moveable feast or whether a fixed Sunday after the 21st of March should be adopted. Out of deference to ancient custom, however, the old plan was left unchanged, and Easter is still celebrated the Sunday following the first full moon after the 21st of March. If the full moon falls upon a Sunday, however, then Easter is celebrated upon the Sunday next following.

Easter in Turkey.

On Holy Thursday in Turkey every Christian woman boils a number of eggs with cochineal for the approaching Easter festival, and also bakes a quantity of cakes and sweet biscuit. At the hour when the Bible is read she takes as many eggs as there are members in the household and one over, places them in a napkin and carries them to church, where she leaves them until Sunday.

The extra egg is placed before the "eikonostacion," or place of the holy pictures, and is afterward kept as a sovereign remedy against all kinds of ills.

Many of these eggs have traced upon them in elegant characters texts of Scripture and other sacred words besides the date.

Let Husbands Rejoice.

Who says the year 1902 isn't a jubilee year? It is now announced that Easter bonnets this spring will be cheaper than ever before.

A Brussels publisher has felt justified in starting a periodical devoted wholly to the scientific study of milk.

